

MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.]

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TERMS.

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TEMPERANCE.

From the Token for 1834.

THE WEDDING & THE FIRST GLASS.

BY GRENVILLE MELLON.

And, after many ceremonies done
He calls for wine—a health, quoth he, as if
He'd been abroad, carousing to his mates
After a storm.

TAMING OF THE SHIRE.

Francis Hayford, was a young fellow, very like, in the matters of external appearance, manners and ways of thinking on most subjects, to a thousand others you may find scattered up and down our quiet villages, or the smaller towns of our republic. He was an excellent looking youth, too, with a fine head of hair, that appendage which is so wonderfully expressive after all; and which the author of Paul Clifford would have pronounced worthy of the Hon. Augustus Tomlinson; rather pale and thin, not handsome, but with a decidedly sensible face, and an eye full of vivacity, and some might think, of impatience and temper. He was no hero; let that be understood, and welcome; but a plain, honest youth, of some eighteen summers, with no fortune, nor with any of those externals, which, in the shape of money and place, are apt to give one a sort of enviable prominence with a certain class of persons. But he could boast a more than respectable share of that which is above all the mines in the world; intelligence and education. He differed, indeed, from the thousand whom I have said he resembled, in a few things; among which was conspicuous, his disrelish for society, and his absolute hatred of the forms and polite civilities of life, that were kept up, in some degree, around him. This was something rather singular, in one so full of youthful feeling, and so well calculated to light up and make joyous the circle in which he might revolve. He knew little or nothing of the world. How could it be otherwise? His years were few, and it seemed as though he intended, or that fate intended, they should bring him for the future, neither comfort nor instruction, aside from what sprung up about him on the quiet path he had chosen. His disinclination to mingle with those of his own age, or, in short, with any, hitherto, in the common interchanges of life, could be accounted for, perhaps, solely by his situation, as an only son, the solitary support at the side of a widowed mother. For her he worked and won; and while he felt the reward of his various industry in the unspeakable love and sympathy that grows up between such beings, so situated, he was as happy as most men who win kingdoms, for the purpose of comforting their feelings of pride and power.

Such a being it was easy to persuade, and for such a being it was a dangerous thing to go into the place of trial. Yet this was the same person, in the completest peril, at all seasons, both from his sense of security and his inexperience; this was the person, who like ten thousand others, was to date his ruin from the time of a little temptation, that assailed him under the disguise of an *innocent indulgence*.

It was a busy seaport in which Francis Hayford and his mother resided. By good conduct, and good fortune, which sometime go together even in these days of competition, he had become the agent of a house in Philadelphia; and it was said by those who knew, and who loved to cheer his poor parent by the gossip, that his employer found high promise in Frank, and a hundred such things that go directly to the heart, and make us breathe freer as we hear them repeated. Be that as it may, Frank had got as high as supercargo; and just at the time my story commences, he was fitting in that capacity, for a foreign voyage.

You look pale and sick, mother, said he, but don't distress yourself about my going away; our voyages now are so short; and besides, I am in the way of promotion.

The mother raised her head and shooed it; and a tear stole to her eye, as she laid her hand upon the head of her boy. She looked at him but did not speak a word. She was thinking of what he had been to her, and that she was to lose him. As she gazed, her lip began to tremble, and when Frank saw that, he could stand before her no longer; but his eyes fell, and he turned, with a rushing sensation about the

heart, and went gently out of the room. The mother stood there, with one hand now pressed upon her eyelids, convulsively, and the other still held out in the attitude of blessing her child. The poor fellow was not aware of his immediate destiny.

'Well, Frank,' said a delighted, breathless friend, the only man on earth he called such, one bright morning as they met together, 'well, Frank, you will of course come up, and bear witness to my wedding to-night. You smile, but why not laugh in earnest? that smile looks as though you but half believed what I tell you; but so it is, this very night I am to be married. You know how it is—they think in some places that the whole thing must be nothing but crying and taking on—and—and—in a word, Harriet says you must come, by all means, and help us through. Besides, you recollect we promised to stand by each other in this battle.'

There was something like solicitation here; for Frank at first shook his head, like a man whose impulse is to deny in all such cases, and said something about his going off, and his mother, and much of the same character very hurried and indistinct, as though he were shuffling after an excuse. But it would not do; and when he remembered his foolish boy promise, he raised his head at once, took his companion firmly by the hand, and satisfied him in two words.

'I will come, Wendoll; I will certainly come for your sake and Harriet's, and—'

'Not a word more, then, my dear fellow,' and Wendoll was away like an arrow; for it is a busy day, the bridal one, when the bridegroom summons his own guests.'

The wedding came, and the gathering. The good and gay, and beautiful, met on the threshold and blessed it. They clustered around the bride, as courtiers round a queen; and the maidens smiled upon her, and whispered in her ear, and passed on with arch looks, and a feeling of freedom of the whole house, and wandered up and down among the little crowd of festive friends, with hearts all tuned to the song of delight, but yet evidently subdued by a certain kind of consciousness, that seemed to say 'it is proper to be as melancholy as we can.'

The ceremony proceeded. It was simple and short. A low breathed prayer, and then a hymn with suppressed voices, as though the singers were at first half ashamed of the business; and it was finished. And there was Frank to witness it. He stood aloof, an impatient gazer upon the whole affair, and was decidedly the most reserved and silent man in the company. Wendoll approached and began to rally him in earnest.

'Is this your way of congratulating me, sir Sohersides? Come, Frank, do throw off this, and come along with me, and do as others do. I must be pledged, and a bumper of the strongest, I am determined on, as a health to you all. And others gathered around, and drew Frank with them to a side table, sparkling all over with liquors, for the merry and moody alike. 'I never drink, Wendoll, you know I never do. I cannot bear it.' Wendoll knew it, and so did the rest; and for this very reason they were determined to hunt him down.

'I know,' continued Frank, looking round,

'I know it looks foolish, very foolish, here,

and just now too, but, now, why will you urge me?'

But he was urged on all sides, by smiles, and winks, and nods, till he was at first half mortified and then half mad at the busi-

ness.

Wendoll had poured his glass, and handed it to him. It was adulterated stuff, as fiery as brandy. At that moment the face of Harriet shone out upon him from a bevy of maidens, and a smile and an inclination of the head, as for 'a health,' met his eye at the instant. The glass was lifted and drained, and the face had disappeared. Frank turned to Wendoll.

'Ask me to drink no more, Wendoll; no more, as you love me. I have had fears, and dreams about this, and I cannot, I dare not indulge. I hate it, I hate it. Don't bribe me to hate you.' And his eye sparkled with a strange lustre, as he turned and mingled with the throng. There may be something here that appears unnatural to the reader; coming from a boy of eighteen, full of youthful blood, and prone to every fascination that besets his age. But who has not had his presentiments strong within him, even at this time of life, dealing with his spirit as a spell from which there is no escape, and which admits of no parley! Besides this was a first impulse. Let us see the issue.

The night went on in merriment. That one glass had turned the scale with Francis Hayford; and ere the company parted he had answered every tempter's invitation, and went away, for the first time, with a flush on his cheek, and that wild delight in his heart, that is so nearly allied to grief, to terror, and to torture. He went home; how he hardly knew, and slept miserably, and dreamt of the bridal and his own shame and confusion.

In one week from that day his mother was a corpse. He had remained by her in tears, in sorrow, in remorse, almost in penitence. He had confessed his first fault

with a burning brow and compressed lip, and had received the last warning of his parent, mingled with all the soothing tones that could not fail to escape the being, who, though this affliction had struck her to the heart, had yet borne and nourished him. But she was dead, and the next cup which that son lifted was at her burial. They had all returned from the grave, and the liquor was waiting for them. It was the custom of the place and of the time, as it now is in many instances; yes, the *custom* of the place; a kind and silent usage, and which you are now cursing, ere it can lisp; and, see! what am I now? I say, look—don't come near me, with your hands out so; I can't take them. Hear what I have to say. Sit down, Harriet; sit down both of ye, and they dropped into their chairs, as though they had been under the influence of a spell.

Frank stood a few minutes, silent again, looking at them earnestly; his form bent, even in youth; tottering in his very prime; shrivelled and shrunk, and unclean; his cheeks hollow and white, save one spot—one small, round spot, glowing and changing, like some heated thing, under his skin, burning away his heart and his existence;

his eye large and glazed, and his lips in a perpetual spasm. There he stood, and with an energy that could not but be his last, and with a clearness and eloquence that comes at such times, and even from such persons, as though to plead for the pride of the spirit, the once abused spirit of man, he said to the astonished and stricken creatures before him:

'I tell you, Wendoll, that you see your own work here; and your work, Harriet, your work, too.'

They both shuddered as he went on.

'Six years ago I saw you married. To that moment I was untouched. I was unapproached by the devil, whose I now am, inevitably and forever. I was strong, and honest, and unstained; a good son and an ambitious boy. Now, I am ruined, desolate wretch. I have been to my neck in crime, and am polluted all over. I am degraded, and despised, and disdained. Yes! look at my face! It is already on fire; I feel it day and night. I sleep not. My mind is gone out, and I am a wanderer that would exchange places and hopes, with the very dogs and worms.—And now hear me. You, you...both of ye are to answer for this. In this house, in this room, ye first sold me to the destroyer. At the very altar where ye swore to each other, I was sacrificed. Your solicitations, Wendoll; do you forget, Harriet, that smile, and your nod, and your 'health' yes, your solicitations, your plot brought me to the first drop of drink, and that drop has brought me to this! Ye had it at your wedding, ye had every intoxicating thing there, and there ye ruined me. Are ye any better than I am?' continued he; and his voice grew hoarse as he went on with the excitement of a maniac. 'Are you any better than I am? What is that upon your table, there, as it was six years ago? I see your cheeks are tell-tales, Wendoll, though they blush; and I see your wife is marked for the grave by your own hand; and your child, your very baby! Wendoll! you too, are in the same path with me, and we shall all soon sleep together. Would to God we might never wake; but, if there be an hereafter—'

As he ceased speaking, he fell his length on the floor. He never stood up again on the earth; but from that day he went rapidly to his doom, and died, unregarded, unknown, and unwept.

The fate of Wendoll, was no better; and before he died, he said to me with a look I shall never forget, that his first sin, his first drinking, was at a wedding, and his next at a funeral.

MISCELLANY.

ARCHERY.—In the 'United Service Journal,' we find the following account of archery as it was; which is curious, and seems to us to exhibit the *beau ideal* of the art and mystery, rather than any thing upon which one could strictly rely as facts, however supported by historical authority. It says:

'The test of good archery with Edward VI. was that a hundred of his youth, in rank, should send, at one discharge, their hundred shafts clear through an inch board of heart oak, at the distance of 240 yards. This was the minimum of military archery with youth. It was at the battle of Flodden, in 1513, that the power of the English archery became supreme. Edward I. interspersed his long bowmen among his other troops of every description, and the battle was little less than an unresisting slaughter of the best of the Scottish warriors.'

At the battle of Flodden Field the Scottish Monarch, enraged at the slaughter of his troops, directed sixty of his brave knights, in Italian armour, to rush on a body of the English archers, and at the first discharge, every knight was killed by an arrow through the body. P. de Comme, speaking of the military power of England, France, and Scotland, lays it down that 'the might of the realm of England stands on her archery'; and it is curious to trace the excessive fastidiousness and care of our ancestors with respect to it. Edward IV. directed that the longbow should

be made of ewye, wyche hazel, ash, awn-rub, or reason tree, but the ewye (ewy) was the preferable wood. The string was to be made of hide, gut, horse hair, woman's hair, hemp, or silk. The bow was directed to be the precise height of the archer, and one of six feet long was the maximum of power. The most anxious care was bestowed on the arrow. Its length was to be exactly half that of the bow. The feathers were not to be plucked from the goose, but were to drop from the bird at between the age of two and three years. Two of the feathers were to be from the gander, while the third, always placed uppermost in the act of shooting, was to be dropped by the goose. The arrow was pointed with flint or steel; and the punishment severe if the directions were in any respect violated. It was illegal, and, what was perhaps worse, it was disgraceful, to shoot at a less distance than 200 yards. The longest shot upon record was that of the Lancashire archer, who shot a shaft a mile in three shots. This has been nearly equalled within these few years. A Turkish Ambassador in London discharged an arrow 480 yards, and a Turk at Athens sent his shaft 584 yards, which is only three yards short of the third of a mile. It was a test with our archers to send the cloth yard shaft at 320 yards distance, through an oaken plank, from one to three inches in thickness, and to lodge the arrow in a board placed many yards in the rear.'

This is good—we suspect a musket ball fired from 120 yards at a three inch plank, would, if it hit it, be satisfied with staying in it very quietly, and express neither a desire nor an intention of travelling to a board placed many yards in the rear, that day. Sending a shaft 584 yards is a wonderful thing, but sending it 350, with the intervention of a three inch plank, is what we suspect could only be done with a very long bow indeed.

DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—One mile and sixty-six feet is the lowest depth to which the ocean has been sounded. Where the coast is rugged and high, the water is deep. All the surface covered by seas is three times greater than the dry land, being 148 millions of miles. If the medium depth of the sea be reckoned at two miles, there must consequently be 296 millions of cubical miles of water. The quantity, therefore, is sufficient to cover all the known dry land on the globe to the height of eight thousand feet; and further, were all this mass of water thrown into the shape of a ball, it would be eight hundred miles in diameter. Philosophers of enlarged views generally believe that the present beds of all oceans were at a former period the habitable parts of the earth. There is no other mode of explaining the presence of such immense masses of marine productions, quite in the interior of all the continents, as are continually brought to light, than by supposing they were once covered by the sea. *Scientific Tracts.*

GUMPTION.—This is a fine old Scotch word, not generally to be found in the dictionaries, though it is worthy of a place in the best. It has a great deal of meaning in it, and often expresses what nothing else can.

When we see a girl reject the addresses of a respectable young man, who owns a good farm, goes to meeting, and pays his debts; for one who wears a dickey, visits the theatre, and spends his money faster than he earns it, I think to myself she has not much gumption.

When I see a young mechanic, who wants a good wife, that can make a pudding, spit a turkey, and nurse his babies, dallying after a piece of affection, because she has been to dancing school and can play on a piano, I guess he has not much gumption.

When I see a farmer paying taxes for twenty acres of land, half fenced and half tilled, when he might raise more on six acres under good cultivation, I conclude he is not overstocked with gumption.

When I see a man calling his boys from school, and spending two hours every afternoon for a month, to tar his trees, that the canker-worm may not ascend them, when he might effect a remedy, in a single day, by exchanging the earth for three feet around them, I conclude that he has more industry than gumption.

When I see a man purchasing thirty cords of wood for the winter, when, by listing doors, and mending a broken pane, he might save fifteen of them, I think he has but little gumption.

When I see a man attending diligently to his own concerns, sending his children to school, paying his debts and keeping clear of lawsuits, quarrels, and politics, I set him down as a man possessing a reasonable share of gumption.

When I see a woman mending her children's clothes, and receiving her husband with affection, I conclude she has no ordinary share of gumption.

In fine, when I see a man who deals justly, loves mercy, walks humbly, and pays for his newspapers, I conclude that of all others in this world he possesses the greatest portion of gumption. *American Traveller.*

THE STANDARD.

N.Y. For the Mississoui Standard.

The rules adopted by the Land Board were, I think, wise and applicable to the settlement of a new country. They were good for the reasons given by themselves, that isolated individuals would not, by taking a small tract, here and there, ever make a settlement in the wilderness whilst a leader, and associates for a Township, ten miles square, might be supposed to possess physical energy and capital sufficient for the undertaking. The Land Board, however, did not long persevere according to the salutary rules by which they had professed to regulate their proceedings. For, after leaders and associates had presented themselves and were entered on their books, they came, after the lapse of several years, to the conclusion, as I have shown in my last communication, that no preference should be given to associated applicants. By this determination they confounded the associated applicants, who came into the Province by virtue of the King's proclamations, and to whom the faith of the Province was pledged, with those who had no pledge. But a change had already taken place in their views. Having the leases in their possession, they thought, as the old proverb recommends, that when the sun shines, hay should be made, and that while they had the power a distribution should be made among their friends. Accordingly, in a Report laid before the House of Assembly in the year 1824, by the Surveyor-General, it appears that an immense spoil was divided among themselves. Six Executive Councillors, five Legislative Councillors, one Law Officer of the Crown, and seven Civil Officers of the Crown, exclusive of associates, took up the enormous quantity of 195,000 acres. Besides, and not included in the above, Sir Robert Shore Milnes, for a long time Governor of this Province, went away with nearly 50,000 acres in Stanstead, Barnston, and other towns. Notwithstanding the compromising character of the Governor, touching the interests of the Province as a British Colony, he would have been totally forgotten by this time, but for his agents who were employed to collect the proceeds of his lands.

The Government of England never meant that the wild lands of the Crown should have been thus squandered. The proclamations which invited settlers, spoke a very different language, and shew that the Government of England meant to lay open the country to a population of active bona fide settlers. Now what have this Governor Milnes, and the Executive and Legislative Councils done, as leaders of Townships, to settle the country? Have we ever yet known them in any other capacity than that of collecting money by their agents and bailiffs? We have a specimen of their operations in Stanbridge, Dunham, and St. Armand, from year to year, collecting the proceeds of their lands, but never as giving their aid to the improvement of the country. The fact is, all the great land holders, who divided the spoil among themselves, have hitherto served as a dead weight on the improvement of the Townships, which would have been to this day, for any thing they have done, in their natural state of wildness, the undisturbed resort of bears and wolves.

On a retrospect of these proceedings, we may well ask what were the feelings of the real laborious leaders and their confiding associates, that had embarked their all, when they saw that legal titles were granted to some of the members of the Board, and to their friends in preference to them who had emigrated to the country, by virtue of the King's proclamations, with a view to subdue the forest and render it the abode of civilization? In a short time, they found to their sorrow, that the indignation of the Board, at the idea of being required to give the preference to the associated applicants, was fraught with meaning. They supplanted many of the applicants by taking the Patents which they had a right to themselves, and then ejected them from their lands. Such treatment, such cruel disappointment, produced some riotous proceedings on the part of the injured settlers, which drove hundreds of them out of the country. The land-loving Governor, Sir R. S. Milnes, appealed to the loyalty of the Province and branded the injured, and the deceived, as a band of LAWLESS ADVENTURERS.

The Townships, notwithstanding the difficulties they had to encounter from the bad faith of the Land Board, and the neglect of the Provincial Legislature, have grown up to their present state of population and improvement. The good intentions of the King were frustrated. The Legislature could not but have observed that the settlers were betrayed, as if the Royal Proclamations had been framed for the purpose of entrapping the unwary; but to see the gracious design of the King, in his desire to settle the country with British subjects, defeated, was gratifying to the French leaders of the day. They were LA NATION CANADIENNE, and had no friendly disposition towards the increase of a British population. Yet, the Townships have grown to their present state, in spite of the Land Board and them both. And though they cannot forget the treatment of the Board, and the neglect of a Canadian Legislature; though they can never admire the policy of the enormous grants of wild lands that were made to non-residents, who never felled a tree, nor assisted to build a bridge, a mill, or a school house, while their property is enhancing in value from their labors, yet the great bulk of the people are essentially loyal. They are now in such a state as to make their weight to be felt in whatever scale they occupy. The French leaders may flatter, but they never can get five out of the hundred to resist the Government of England. We do not, and cannot forget their cold indifference to us, in our struggles with the Land Board, and with the wilderness, to convert it into a home. Their interposition at that time would have endeared them to our hearts; but they were cold; they had no desire that a British population should be cherished, for fear of Anglifying the Province. At present, they think that the

object of English colonization in Lower Canada, is defeated, and that with a little palaver they can Frenchify the Townships. This, however, cannot be. A little reflection will teach all men that a union with the French leaders, except on the principle of loyalty to the King, and obedience to the laws, is impossible. The leaders have shewn symptoms of such a disposition to arbitrary power as will never be submitted to by the Townships, if England were to declare us free from her control, or we to cast off our allegiance, to-morrow.

I would, therefore, say to my fellow subjects, residing in the Townships, look to your interests. In so doing you will look to your duty. Be neither trampled upon by a faction that has always looked upon you as intruders and foreigners, nor flattered. When you feel grievances, come from what quarter they may, you need not thank those who never had the least sympathy for you, for the pains they take to open your eyes. If you are injured, you can feel without their information. Your Government has always, in the strictest sense of the word, been kind and paternal. The proceedings of the old land board were oppressive, but at the same time contrary to the expressed will of the King, and unknown to the British Government, because in your infant state you had no means of reaching the throne. But when you did, through the agency of the late Mr. Gale, your voice was heard, and much was saved from the wreck. The Assembly winked at the process of destruction that was going on, because you were of British descent. They cannot dislodge you now, if they were to try, but they mean to flatter you into their tools of insubordination, but to admit you as sharers in the division of the spoil, they never will. Be true to yourselves and you have nothing to fear. S. D.

Mr. Editor—Can you tell me what the Agricultural Society of this County is doing?

Yours truly, A FARMER.
Dunham, May 15th, 1835.

SENTIMENTS OF MR. BURKE.

"I am not one of those," says Mr. Burke "who the people are never in the wrong. They have been so frequently and outrageously both in other countries and in this."

"It is very true that the people are liable to fall into great mistakes; they are miserably open to all the artifices of ambitious men and to all the various deceptions of political hypocrisy. The essence of government by law, call it common or statute law, or, by the favorite term, the law of Parliament, is, that no man should be ultimately deprived of his right, whatever that right may be, by but some act, or defect, of which he might previously know the nature and consequences. This, I say, is essentially necessary to every law, and to every lawful and judicial proceeding. Any other way of proceeding may, by a bare possibility, have nothing of radical injustice in it; but it is an act of boundless power, and not of law."

"They ought not to trust the House of Commons with a power over their franchises; because the constitution, which placed two other co-ordinate powers to control it, reposed no such confidence in that body. The first ideas which generally suggest themselves, in cases of Parliamentary disorders, are to shorten the duration of Parliament; and to disqualify all, or a great number of placemen, from a seat in the House of Commons.

"Whatever efficacy there may be in those remedies, I am sure in the present state of things it is impossible to apply them."

"If I wrote merely to please the popular palate, it would indeed be as little troublesome to me as to another to extol those remedies, so famous in speculation, but to which their greatest admirers have never attempted seriously to resort in practice. I confess then that I have no sort of reliance upon either a triennial Parliament, or a place bill."

"With regard to the former, perhaps it might rather serve to counteract, than to promote the ends that are proposed by it. It is besides an effect of vulgar and puerile malignity to imagine that every statesman is of course corrupt; and that his opinion upon every constitutional point, is solely formed upon some sinister interest. It is an advantage to all narrow wisdom and narrow morals, that their maxims have a plausible air; and, on a cursory view appear equal to first principles. They are light and portable. They are as current as copper coin and about as valuable. They serve equally the first capacities and the lowest; and they are, at least, as useful to the worst man as the best."

London, May 1830.

Mr. Burke wrote for the English people; but the spirit of his remarks wonderfully applies to the "political hypocrites" of Lower Canada. Mr. Burke was a liberal, but, unlike those who have already in effect deprived the Townships of their franchise, he was not a destructive.

THE BELGIAN SOLDIER.—The Belgian temperament is singularly unenergetic; it wants energy; and I doubt if, under any system of discipline, it would be possible to make even tolerable troops of the inhabitants. In their later displays of prowess they have failed lamentably; showing the white feather at Waterloo, and, more recently, flying like scattered deer before less than half their number of Dutchmen. How are such things to be accounted for, seeing that these people were at one time distinguished for their military virtues and a spirit of daring enterprise? I fear we must look for the cause in the constant changes that are taking place in the country, which, instead of constituting, like other Powers, a separate and independent State, has been tossed about from one hand to another, till every characteristic feature is obliterated, and its very identity destroyed. National pride and national energy go hand in hand: destroy the first, by annihilating the independence of a country, and the last is sure to follow. I believe that the physical organization of men, and, as a natural result, their personal character, is modified, in the course of time, by such circumstances as the Belgian has for ages been subjected to. He is not the same man that he was in the time of Caesar, or in far less distant periods, any more than the Italian of the present day is the Roman who encountered Hannibal on the plains of Zama.—From Notes of a Journey between Paris and Ostend, in Frazer's Magazine.

EXTREMES MEET.—Strange that the most rapid travelling is the most wearisome," says the author of *The Stranger in America*, speaking of the railways of that country, "but so it is—extremes touch each other always and everywhere. The animal that comes nearest the shape of a man is the ugliest; gods and beggars go half naked, and kings and servants are called by their baptismal names."

The Duke of Wellington's only Pun.—It is related that at the siege of one of the Spanish fortresses during the Peninsular war, the boldness and activity of one of the bombardiers attracted the notice of the Duke of Wellington, who inquired his name, and being informed that it was Taylor, replied, there has been many a worse one; then, addressing himself to the soldiers about him, the Field Marshal said, "Cheer up, my lads, we have a Taylor at work who will soon make a pair of breeches, through which we shall speedily enter the town." This little sally had such an effect on the spirits of the men that when they in turn saluted they carried the town with the bayonet.

A ROMAN TOILETTE.

The history of the toilette and its revolutions, being one of the attributes of the Court Journal, a short chapter upon the mysteries of that mundus muliebris of imperial Rome, may, with propriety, find a space in its columns.

In the luxurious ages of Rome, the haughty patricians would have blushed to have pointed like Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, to their children as their brightest ornaments. Their toilettes were furnished with every thing that could heighten in the lustre of beauty, or repair the defects of nature; false hair, false eyebrows, false hips, false teeth, rouge, and every other mysterious appendage of the toilette table, were contained in vases of the most costly materials.

The Roman ladies generally passed from the couch to the bath; some merely washed the feet, but others extended its use to the whole body, which was rubbed with pumice-stone to soften the skin, and afterwards with oils and the richest perfumes of Arabia.

Under the empire, luxury had so multiplied the number of female attendants, that every one had a distinct office, hence the names of cosmetics, pæcades, and ornatices, that so frequently occur in the writings of the poets. Some of them had no other office than to give their opinion, and formed a species of cabinet council, in which the great interests of the toilette were as gravely discussed—but without entering much into particulars. It is well understood, that by paying a certain fixed interest on any fixed sum during life, a man may secure that sum to his family after his death. But, can a man secure to himself any certain amount by paying for the insurance of another man's life? or, in other words, can I ensure the life of a brother or an uncle, and reap the benefit after the death of the brother or uncle? It so, what are the requirements of the company before entering into such an engagement?

The imperfect accounts given to the public of the above institution, are insufficient to enable one satisfactorily to answer these questions for himself—and though I feel assured of the correctness of my own opinion on the subject, I still feel the want of positive information, I therefore take the liberty to ask for a little light on the subject, for which I shall be much obliged to you.

Your's with the greatest respect, M. M.

REPLY.

To the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser.

Gentlemen,—To your correspondent M. M. whose letter you politely sent me, I give the following reply:—The general doctrine is, that a person cannot insure the life of another, where he has no interest in the life of the insured. Whether a husband or parent can insure the life of a wife or child, in consideration of the interest he has in their services, and where he has no other interest depending on their lives, is a question now under consideration by the Board of Trustees and their counsel, and not yet determined. When decided I shall take an early opportunity of stating the result, and also more fully the circumstances which render life insurance of equal, if not of more importance, to that class in which your correspondent is interested, than to any other. Some gratification may be allowed to an individual who reaps the benefit himself of his prudence, and of the expenditure of his money; but a generous and affectionate heart will feel still greater pleasure in securing to the objects dearest to him, and most beloved, the comforts of independence, at a time when sorrow weighs heavy upon them, and poverty is doubly a burthen. The great object of Life Insurance is, to secure the means of comfortable support to a parent, wife, or child, when robbed of that support by the death of him whose personal exertions had, while alive, afforded it to them.

An instance of this kind, which has lately occurred, will come home to the hearts of many who remember the uncertainty of life, and feel that their family's responsibility and independence depend on the continuance of their own.

A gentleman of Massachusetts, thirty-six years of age, of good constitution, and in appearance of perfect health, actively and usefully employed in an honourable pursuit, by which he was supporting a wife and several children; and gradually, though slowly, accumulating a fund for their future support, called at the office on the 29th of October last, and after some inquiries, prudently determined to add to their present prospect of independence by an insurance of five thousand dollars for which he paid down seventy-nine dollars and fifty cents. On his return home, he was taken sick and died on the 5th of December, of Typhus Fever. As soon as the proper evidence was produced of his death, and a proper authority for receiving the money presented, the 5,000 dollars was paid to the administrator of the deceased. Delicacy forbids the publication of names, or the circumstances in this case, which render it of peculiar interest: but there is one which is to be found among a large class of society. The husband and parent's personal exertions were the family's support; deprived of them, and without the 5,000 dollars which his insurance secured, they would have wanted the independence and the comforts so happily provided by his parental anxiety. They are now easy, and comparatively, at least, if not absolutely happy.

This instance affords an answer to your correspondent's inquiry, "What advantage is a Life Insurance to working-men and mechanics?"

They can, by the appropriation of a portion of their earnings, secure their families from want when they die, and give to them any sum, from 100 to 5,000 dollars, in proportion to what they can spare, from their yearly gains, for the payment of the premium of insurance.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM BARD.

New York Life and Trust Co.

The manner of forming Juries in Virginia is very singular, and is, we believe practised in that state alone. On the morning of the Court days the Sheriff of the county takes his stand in front of the Court House with paper and pencil, and, every man who comes within his view is immediately booked, and if he attempts to escape is informed that his name is down and he must serve. No master if the poor wight be just escaped from a journey, or be from a county fifty or a hundred miles off, serve he must, and that too, the whole day without dinner or any refreshment, and what is still more grievious, without pay.

Another singular custom in this state and Rhode Island, is the allowing a voter resident, for instance, in Richmond, to vote in Albemarle, or any other county where he possesses a freehold and this effects very materially any closely contested election.—*Boston Ad.*

Revenues of the Spanish Church.—According to a recent statement in a Madrid paper, respecting the number and revenues of the Spanish clergy, it appears that the number of buildings appropriated to religious purposes throughout Spain is 28,249; that of the clergy is 159,322; and that of the clerics and nuns, 96,878. The entire amount of the ecclesiastical revenues is calculated to be 50,000,000 dollars; and of this sum, the part consumed by them is shown to exceed the whole revenue of the state by some 8,000,000 dollars.

In the following anecdote, Hogg tells a monstrous big story, with an honest simplicity, that makes one laugh:

"It's a good sign of a dog when his face grows like his master's. It's a proof he's a grown-up in his master's eye, to discover what he's thinking on; and then, without the word or wave o' command, to be off to execute the wulf o' his silent thought! whether it be to wear sheep or run down deer. Hector a' me gae me another sic a look! and I was afeared Mr. Paxton would haes observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspecting' auld man—a very Nathaniel without guile—and le Jealousie maeth, though beth Hector and me was like to split; and the dog, after lauching in his sleeve for mair than a hundred yards, could stand it nae laugher, but he was obliged to loup awa' ower a hedge into a potatoe field, pretending to haes scented part ridges."

Yet we ask no prohibitory duty. We would be glad if a duty equal to that imposed by the United States on Canadian produce, were levied on produce coming from the United States into Canada; but with less than that we will not be satisfied. Our farmers ought to be protected; and if they stand by each other firmly and truly, we predict that they will be protected. But for this end, as well as for all others of a mutual benefit, the Townships must go forward shoulder to shoulder.

MISSISSKOU STANDARD.

FREELBURG, MAY 19, 1835.

Persons in Montreal, intending to subscribe for the Standard, are respectfully requested to leave their names at the book-store of Messrs. J. & T. A. Starke, Notre-Dame street.

Editors in the United States who exchange with us, will please direct their papers to Highgate Post-office.

The continued neglect which measures for the benefit of English Canada have met with, through length of time have had some effect in producing a certain degree of apathy among the English as to renewing their applications.

From the first settlement of the Townships they have been an object of political hatred to the majority of the Assembly. While in our infancy they gloried in the prospect that official oppression would be weighty enough to crush us. We gradually rose, however, but with the enormous load upon our backs, yearly acquiring strength from the necessity that was laid upon us to exert it; as the labouring man is fitted for the toils of manhood, by the hard circumstances that compelled him to exertion in his younger years.

We had reached a point when we were able to demand that most sacred right of British subjects, a representation in Parliament, before the passive encouragement on the part of the Assembly of conduct most hostile to us, was changed into the most active opposition against us.

Session after session the tables of the Assembly groaned with the weight of our petitions—but our petitions were trampled upon, our claim was denied. We were then as we are now, "the hated English." Year after year, too, petitions have flowed in upon the House for laying a duty on American produce;—THESE PETITIONS HAVE BEEN TRAMPLED ON, THESE CLAIMS HAVE NOT BEEN HEARD.

We search into the cause. The French seigneuries are more adapted for the production of wheat than for other staple articles of agriculture; so much so that the French Canadians do not raise beef and pork sufficient for their own tables. In English Canada, on the other hand, the attention of the farmers is more directed to the pasturing of cattle and the fattening of pork. The seigneuries are compelled to purchase these articles, and the Townships are able to supply them as well in these as in butter, cheese, &c. But the Township-hating majority of the Assembly choose rather to throw open the trade to a foreign nation, than to allow the Townships, even for a single season to derive any profit from this state of things. Again, it is not simply this friendly market with the people of the Seigneuries that the Township-hating majority exclude us from, they also throw us out of the great shipping markets of Montreal and Quebec. We, in the Townships, are on all occasions taunted with not being in so flourishing a state as our neighbours in Vermont; and the want of a protecting duty on our productions is one of the reasons. These taunts shew the malignity of the feeling entertained towards us by the Township-hating majority: they strain every nerve to keep us from rising into prosperity, both by retaining what the Townships declare is a nuisance, and not permitting any measure for our benefit to be introduced, and then with a savage satisfaction they throw contumely upon us, because we have patiently suffered them to keep us poor.

A farmer living across the line is favoured by being solicited to carry his produce to the markets of two countries—his own, and Canada. He has a choice of two good markets—we are excluded altogether from the one and denied protection in the other. Farmers in Vermont, along the line, care not for their own distant markets when they can sell to greater advantage in ours by paying a nominal duty of 2½ per cent on what they choose to say is the value of their stock. It is confidently asserted that there are many farmers, at present resident in the United States, who would remove into Canada, if a duty were laid on American produce.

Yet we ask no prohibitory duty. We would be glad if a duty equal to that imposed by the United States on Canadian produce, were levied on produce coming from the United States into Canada; but with less than that we will not be satisfied. Our farmers ought to be protected; and if they stand by each other firmly and truly, we predict that they will be protected. But for this end, as well as for all others of a mutual benefit, the Townships must go forward shoulder to shoulder.

If the French majority have reached such

a pitch of iniquity as to persist in rejecting every measure calculated for our benefit, the Townships must again lay their petitions before the Imperial Parliament. In the mean time we advise them to adopt the plan of simultaneously petitioning from all the Townships. If public spirited men among us would take up the matter, petitions might be presented during the ensuing session; this would be of the greatest importance, as the Commissioner would be able instantly to enter upon this Township grievance, provided the House of Assembly still are resolved to treat us with insult and neglect.

Our esteemed correspondent S. D. has this week shewn the conduct of the Assembly during the existence of the Old Board; the same spirit remains in the Assembly to this day. The Assembly winked at the acts of the Land Board because these acts were for the oppression of the Townships: the Assembly now winks at the conduct of the Land Commissioner, the honourable William Bowman Felton, because that conduct is prejudicial to the improvement of the Townships. Petitions have been presented to the House, for an inquiry into the manner in which that honourable William Bowman Felton has managed his trust; but the inquiry was smothered. No material witnesses were examined, and that honourable gentleman retains his office. Insult upon insult has been heaped upon the Townships by the Township-hating majority of the Assembly, and hitherto these insults have not been repelled, else they would not dare to trample under foot our petitions.

The honourable gentleman's case has been taken up by our only brother of Township feeling—the Farmer's Advocate; it is in good hands, and we therefore leave it for the present: we shall resume it if we see our brother may be benefitted by our aid.

It is a singular fact that this subject has been but sparingly—we had almost said not at all—noticed by the revolutionary press.

The Commission to Canada was offered to Sir Geo. Murry, but refused by him. It is now certain that Lord Amherst is appointed Governor of Upper and Lower Canada and Commissioner for the redress of the grievances existing in Lower Canada. Mr. Elliot of the Colonial office accompanies him as Secretary.

Report says that Sir R. Peel has resigned. The agitation in the Capital is excessive; and numerous petitions from the merchants and all the respectable classes in London have been addressed to his Majesty and Sir R. Peel, with a view to prevent a change of Ministry. Sir Robert Peel's political conduct is generally admired throughout Great Britain, and many of those very men who have opposed him in the House are his ardent admirers. The conspiracy at the head of which is Lord John Russell, is wholly a party affair. Persons lately arrived from England say that the nation is greatly enraged at the majority of the House, which acts by cabal and places itself through animosity against an administration most eminently useful.

Nothing positive is known on the subject of the new Ministry. Report assigns the following:

First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Melbourne; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. T. Spring Rice; Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord John Russell; Secretary for Home Department, Lord Dunraven; Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Ellice; (seigneur de Beauharnois) Lord Lt. of Ireland, Lord Mulgrave; Secretary, Sir John Cam Hobhouse; Board of Trade, Mr. Warburton; Lord Chancellor, Mr. Bickersteth; Woods and forests, Mr. Littleton.

The Duke of Leuchtenberg lately married to the Queen of Portugal, died suddenly at Lisbon, on the 28th March.

The revolutionary journals will, without doubt, croak a great deal on the recent change of affairs in England; but it is a sad consideration for them that no change is likely to be for their benefit. The Ministry as composed of the persons named above, is as little likely to destroy the Constitution of Canada, and throw their countrymen into the hands of an abandoned French faction, as was the Ministry of Sir R. Peel. Sir Robert Peel has not been driven from the helm by the force of public opinion in England, for petitions from all the great cities as well as from all classes in the country, pray him not to abandon his post. Sir Robert has yielded to the strength of a faction united not for the country's good, but simply for the purpose of forcing him from power. Whoever may be the future Ministers, it is impossible that they can depart from the main principles of Peel's

administration. The almost universal testimony in favour of that administration, abundantly proves that that very testimony would be the condemnation of any Ministry which did not follow out the same principles. Looking then, to the declaration of Sir R. Peel, that "no new principle of government was intended to be introduced into the Colonies," we feel still confident that this must be the general policy of the Home Government; looking also to the fact that Mr. Spring Rice, who has been so much vilified by the patriots, holds an important place in the Cabinet, we are the more inclined to think that the demands of the Assembly will not be granted. We write under the supposition that the rumoured premier can find materials from which to make up an administration; but it is our firm belief that no Ministry which does not adopt conservative principles, can exist in England for a single month. The late turn of affairs, however, will prove so far unfortunate as to retard the settlement of the present differences in the Colony.

By papers which we have received, giving English affairs down to 11th April, we find that the resignation of Ministers was in consequence of their being left in a minority, on the 8th April, on the Resolution moved by Lord J. Russell, for embodying in the Tythe bill, the appropriation principle recognized in the late motion on the Irish church, the numbers being

for the resolution, 285,
against it, 258

majority against Ministers, 27
One report assigns the premiership to Lord Grey, another to Lord Stanley.

"An account has just been received from Fal-mouth," says the London Standard of April 4th, "stating that there had been a very severe engagement between His Majesty's ship Canopus, commanded by the Hon. Capt. Percy, and three Russian men-of-war, who attempted to pass the Dardanelles, and were most gallantly opposed by the Canopus. It is stated that she was nearly cut to pieces, having had eight men killed, and a great many wounded during the engagement.

We are under great obligations to our valuable correspondent "Old Philip," for the pains he has taken to recommend our Standard to his neighbours; and as he says we have not yet hit upon what exactly suits his taste, we beg that he will favour us as frequently as possible with the productions of his pen, that we may be able to present him with something that will suit him.

In consequence of the capture by Michigan of the persons employed by Ohio to run the boundary line between the States, Gov. Lucas of Ohio has issued orders for raising and marching a force of 10,000 men to Maumee, declaring that he will never re-cross the Maumee swamp, until he extends the jurisdiction of Ohio over the disputed territory. Michigan is raising her militia.

The American indemnity by France is still undetermined.

The Farmer's Advocate of 11th May, which was received in the village, came not to us.

HEALTH.—Among the many resorts for reviving a debilitated system, and for mending the thousand and one wears and tears to which the human frame is liable, no one seems to be more the rage during the summer months than spring-visiting. Here assemble not the seriously disposed only, but the slightly indisposed and the many in good health; and the imprudence which seems eager to ruin health is exhibited here, as well as the anxiety to be freed from sickness. Saratoga has been and is still the principal American watering place; but with us at the North there are some medicinal springs which have been for some years growing in repute, that are likely to become, as the place where they "bubble" is by many already called, "the Saratoga of the North." We refer to ALBURGH, in Vermont. For this place nature is said to have spread out much more of the beautiful and interesting than she has done for Saratoga. Land and water scenery are here seen in their pleasantest aspect; and water excursions as well as pleasure trips in carriages over fine roads, go to make a visit here a season of much pleasure. There is another advantage besides that of local scenery which Alburgh as yet possesses over Saratoga; and that is she is free from temptations and opportunities for rioting and dissipation. So do we hope those most interested in the establishments at the Springs may be enabled long to keep it; for around those spots where the earth is made to send up healing waters, it seems particularly unsuitable and ungrateful that man should set the means of originating and perpetuating disease, and of thus hindering the benevolent intentions of Heaven. Concerning the accommodations at the Springs, we copy the following from the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press:

ALBURGH SPRINGS.—We learn with pleasure, that Mr. Samuel Mills, recently of the Green Mountain House in this town, has taken the large and splendid establishment, erected by Mr. Phelps, at Alburgh Springs, and that the house is fitting up in a style of "superior" convenience for the accommodation of visitors. From the well known character of Mr. Mills, and our acquaintance with his family, we feel that we hazard nothing in saying to the numerous individuals who resort to those waters, that no exertions will be wanting to make their visit pleasant. The medical properties of these waters are already well appreciated, with the improved accommodation

now furnished, we anticipate a corresponding influx of fashionable company the present season. We therefore thus early bespeak "a small room in the attic," as we intend to quaff some dozens of the sparkling elixir, and spend a social week with our old friend Mills—than whom no man possesses a happier faculty of making the stranger feel "at home."

The following hit to the life we clip from the Montreal Herald, for the especial benefit of would-be believers in phrenology. It is a delicate and interesting representation of "the science," in practice—and cannot fail, we think, at least of converting all the ladies.

A LOVE PASSAGE.—NINETEENTH CENTURY.
"Beloved one, bend gently down—
Bend gently down thy head;
Let not a bump upon thy crown
From my fond eyes be hid.

"Nay, murmur not dear girl, 'tis best—
'Tis best it should be so;
The revelation of this test
May save us meikle woe."

The lovely maiden bent her head;
The youth with eager eye
And trembling hand the bumps surveyed—
Ah, wherefore does he sigh?

The maiden raised her face; dismayed
She saw his look so sad.
'Twas clear her cranium had displayed
Developements quite bad.

"Farewell, farewell," the lover said—
"Forever we must part:
I cannot give thee now my—head!
I almost said my heart!"

April 30, 1835. M.

Certainly those fair ones who have heretofore been stiff-necked and unbending before the force of truth, can no longer stubbornly hold up their heads in resistance to the gently-pressing fingers of the bump-examiners. Seriously, however, we advise all ladies who are ever likely to come in contact with these gentlemen lookers-of-heads, to procure Combe's Outlines, and at once to become masters of the location of the bumps; for we think it no more than fair that they should "scientifically" feel the heads of those who feel of theirs.

The city of New-York annually undergoes a shaking up. The first of May, when leases commence and end, houses are literally turned inside out, and the streets become moving kitchens and bed-rooms, and poultry and porkers are bagged and basketed, and babies are given over to younger sisters, and mothers and fathers have their hands full to look after servants with crockery and parlour furniture. Of this scene we copy the following short sketch from the New York Commercial Advertiser. We certainly prefer the May-day of the country yet.

THE MOVING DAY.

Bustle, bustle, clear the way,
He moves, we move, they move to-day;
Pulling, hauling, father's calling,
Mothers bawling, children squalling,
Coaxing, teasing, whimpering, prattling,
Pots and pans and kettles rattling,
Tumbling bedsteads, flying bedsprads,
Broken chairs and hollow wares
Strew the street—'tis moving day.

Bustle, bustle, stir about,
Some moving in—some moving out;
Some move by steam, some move by hand,
An annual callithumpian band.
Landlords dunning, tenants shunning;
Laughing, crying, dancing, sighing—
Spiders dying, feathers flying,
Shaking bed rugs, killing bed bugs,
Scampering rats, mewing cats,
Whining dogs, grunting hogs,
What's the matter?—moving day.

With us, particularly in the Canadian settlements, for the English and other emigrants seem to forget here the rural festivities of their fatherland, we have instead of this hurly-burly the ancient joys and merry makings suited to the coming of gladsome May. True, in our cold clime, the May-pole when raised cannot be crowned and wreathed with flowers, nor damsels deck their heads with roses blushing as their cheeks, but then we have the ever-green which we can use, and beauty which needs no flowers to win for it the warmest admiration. Dancing and feasting and sport with the rifle are the chief amusements.

THE WEATHER.—Last Saturday morning it snowed with us briskly—the storm breezing out of the north-west. Really we have an unusual spring time. There now and then comes a day upon us to-be-sure, so genial, so summer-like, so exhilarating, that we are ready to lift up our heads in gladness and exclaim with good George Herbert, "Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright;
The bridal of the earth and sky!"

but we are often forced to the reply of the Scotch lad: "Does it always rain here," said a gentleman who had been riding over and among the highlands for three lowry dazzling weeks, to a plaided lad whom he met, "does it always rain here, my boy?" "No, yer honour, it sometimes snows."

UNIQUE.—So, your calf died last night, Tim? N-n no, it didn't z-z-actly d-e; 't kinder ailed along, was sss-sick, spspn away, and t-f-finally 't gin out.

SAY YOUR PAPERS.—We suppose that very many of our readers do not possess this habit, and if so they lack a very good one. Some think they will get all they can out of the newspaper, and so they read it and then use it for a wrapper or for a gown pattern or some other pattern, or for a holder, or give it to the baby to rattle and tear and grow wise upon! But they are wrong in their views. If you wish to make the most of your paper, save it. Put it in some place where it will be kept whole and neat. Some years hence the file will be a curiosity to your children and if you are alive will be very pleasant reading for you, for it will bring to mind old times. You will not have to wait many weeks either, before what is in the paper of this week for instance, will be new to you again. We are not certain but you have already forgotten most of what there was in last week's paper. Have you? If you have, and have not saved the paper, the time you spent in reading it is lost, and you threw away your money to very little profit. But you may say you never wish to read a newspaper more than once. We say you must have super-human powers of memory to be able to derive a suitable advantage from any thing that is worth reading, by one perusal, whether it be a newspaper or a book. Nothing that a man ever becomes master of, if it be worth mastering, costs him so little as one effort. His a b c's cost him months: and every one thing that he has come to know since,

has cost many-times-repeated observations, before he could say in truth, I know it. We hope to have many things in the Standard worth knowing; and as they cannot be known without perusal, therefore say we to our subscribers, save your papers.

The Canadian Patriot was seized last Saturday week, by a deputy sheriff.

SUMMARY.

Dogs.—The Austrian dog never barks; indeed it is remarked by Mr. Gardiner, in a work entitled "The Music of Nature," that "dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated." Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty, and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from his association with man—Bennett.

WONDERFUL FAMILY.—Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that there lives in the town of New Bedford a family, consisting of 5 brothers and 6 sisters, 11 in number, whose gross weight is 24 hundred pounds.—One of the ladies weighs nearly three hundred.

New Bedford Gaz.

WONDERFUL, IF TRUE!—There is at present in Mr. Archibald Kemp's, spirit-dealer, Charlotte-street, a sheep, whose exploits will make even the Editor of *The Dumfries Courier* turn up his eyes and exclaim with *Donatine Sampson*—"Prodigious!" He goes by the cognomen of "Willy," and if any of the customers in the house cry "Willy, here is a glass for you," he will come forth obedient to the summons, and swell his bumper with the most inveterate toper present. Nor is this all; for Willy sometimes turns his owner's spirit cranks and helps himself, when he thinks he is not observed; or purloins a few sweetmeats, or peppermints, from the window, Whisky, ale, porter, &c., comes all alike to him; he will open a snuff-box of himself, and readily empty the contents, and chew a quid of tobacco, and drink a glass of grog, with as much satisfaction as any jolly tar in his Majesty's crew. Willy's feats are innumerable; he is a friend of all, a consumer of all sorts, and one of Mr. Kemp's best customers.—*Scotsman.*

A little town in the department of the Oise, in France, a family *fête* has been recently celebrated—not for the *fifth*, but the 65th anniversary of the marriage of an old couple, named Leclerc, who are both deaf and blind. The husband, who was formerly a tailor, and is nearly 90 years of age, has been deprived of his sight for the last six years. The wife, aged about 84, has been blind nearly 16 years. These two old people, notwithstanding their double infirmity, enjoy perfect health, and are the objects of the solicitude of a numerous posterity.

There are two or three monkeys now in the Zoological-gardens, in the Regent's park, whose shiftings afford much amusement to the visitors. They seem to rub it zealously into their eyes and ears, as well as their nostrils, and after some minutes of triumphant sneezing and snorting, to enjoy the narcotic influence of the Nicotian weed with the calm contentment of an old-fashioned philosopher.

AN INSTRUMENT.—An instrument called "psycrometer" has just been invented at Leipzig, which indicates the degree of the passion both of the mind and the heart. It consists of a case twelve inches long, eleven wide, and three high. From the middle of the said case a column rises six inches high and two wide. Upon the summit of this column there is a needle, the movements of which indicate the answer to the questions of those who interrogate it as to their affections.

COMPOUND EFTHERS.—The custom of using hard compounds furnished Ben Johnson with an opportunity of showing his satire and his learning together. These are the words of which he speaks sometimes as "unin-one-beether-utterable." Redmondian an epigram against the sophists made up of compounds "a mile long." He presents us with a Latin translation, by Joseph Scaliger, which may be thus rendered into English:...

Loftybrowflourishers,
Noseinbeardwallowers,
Begubbeardmouishers,
Dishandishswallowers,
Oldlookinvestigators,
Barefootcockfastiners,
Nightprivyfeastasters,
Crafticubrationers;

Youthcheaters, wordcatchers, valuglorysophers. Such are your seekers of virtue, philosophers.

TO MY NOSE.

Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the illating joy
Which my Nose knows?
Oh Nose! I am as proud of thee
As any Mountain of its snows....
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows.

An American Wonder.—Professor Silliman's American Scientific Journal contains an account of a couple of cat-fish caught in a shrimp-net off the coast of Carolina in August, 1833, and joined together exactly in the same manner as the Siamese boys. One was 31 and the other 29 inches long, and the latter emaciated. Each fish was perfect, and though there was a hollow in the integument by which they were united, the viscera were entirely distinct. They appeared to be able to swim side by side in the natural way.

HATS IN AMERICA.—No nation on earth (says a modern traveller) uses a hat for so many purposes of the north-west. Really we have an unusual spring time. There now and then comes a day upon us to-be-sure, so genial, so summer-like, so exhilarating, that we are ready to lift up our heads in gladness and exclaim with good George Herbert, "Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright; The bridal of the earth and sky!"

but we are often forced to the reply of the Scotch lad: "Does it always rain here," said a gentleman who had been riding over and among the highlands for three lowry dazzling weeks, to a plaided lad whom he met, "does it always rain here, my boy?" "No, yer honour, it sometimes snows."

SAY YOUR PAPERS.—We suppose that very many of our readers do not possess this habit, and if so they lack a very good one. Some think they will get all they can out of the newspaper, and so they read it and then use it for a wrapper or for a gown pattern or some other pattern, or for a holder, or give it to the baby to rattle and tear and grow wise upon! But they are wrong in their views. If you wish to make the most of your paper, save it. Put it in some place where it will be kept whole and neat. Some years hence the file will be a curiosity to your children and if you are alive will be very pleasant reading for you, for it will bring to mind old times. You will not have to wait many weeks either, before what is in the paper of this week for instance, will be new to you again. We are not certain but you have already forgotten most of what there was in last week's paper. Have you? If you have, and have not saved the paper, the time you spent in reading it is lost, and you threw away your money to very little profit. But you may say you never wish to read a newspaper more than once. We say you must have super-human powers of memory to be able to derive a suitable advantage from any thing that is worth reading, by one perusal, whether it be a newspaper or a book. Nothing that a man ever becomes master of, if it be worth mastering, costs him so little as one effort. His a b c's cost him months: and every one thing that he has come to know since,

LIST OF LETTERS.

LETTERS FOR ST. ARMAND.
M. Jemison, Mary Hildreth,
Seneca Page, Daniel Cheney,
James Tevan, Elwyn Bowker,
Daniel Clark, George Cook Esq.,
Thomas Cushing, John Bookley,
Dorcas Austin, Asa Tisdale.

SUTTON.

John T. Prentiss. Stephen Bigelow.
DUNHAM.

S. P. Smith.

EAST BERKSHIRE, Vt.

D. B. Blakely.

J. CHAMBERLIN, P. M.

Successions of the late James Kimball and Martha Chamberlin, his wife, deceased.

N O T I C E .

ALL persons who pretend any claim to the said successions are hereby requested to make the same known at the office of the undersigned, within three months from the date hereof; and all who are indebted to the said successions to make payment without delay, to Fernando Cortez Kimball, in Danham, Tully, to the minor children of the deceased. L. L. LALANNE, N. P

P O E T R Y.

From the Forget Me Not.

TIME'S TAKINGS AND LEAVINGS.
BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what Age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.—Wordsworth

What does Age take away?
Bloom from the cheek, and lustre from the eye;
The spirits light and gay,
Unclouded as the summer's bluest sky.

What do years steal away?
The fond heart's idol, that gladden'd life;
Friendships, whose calmer sway
We trusted to in hours of darker strife.

What must with time decay? [bright;
Young Hope's wild dreams, and Fancy's visions
Life's evening sky grows gray,
And darker clouds prelude Death's coming night.

But not for such we mourn:
We knew them frail, and brief their date assign'd:
Our spirits are forlorn [bind.
Less from Time's thefts, than what he leaves be-

What do years leave behind?
Unruly passions, impotent desires,
Distrusts, and thoughts unkind,
Love of the world, and self—which last expires.

For these, for these we grieve!
What time has robb'd us of we knew must go;
But what he deigns to leave,
Not only finds us poor, but keeps us so.

It ought not thus to be;
Nor would it—knew we meek Religion's sway;
Her votary's eye would see
How little time can give, or take away.

Faith, in the heart enshrined, [lent;
Would make Time's gifts enjoy'd and used, while
And all it left behind
Of Love and Grace a noble monument!

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.
BY BARRY CORNWELL.

Day dawned. Within a curtained room
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light.
As for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring came. The lady's grave was green,
And near it oftentimes was seen,
A gentle boy with thoughtless mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place,

And then he died! Behold before ye,
Humanity's brief sum and story,
Life, Death, and all that is of—Glory.

THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN.—SCHILLER.

Hier might is gentleness—she winneth sway
By a soft word, and by a softer look;
Where she, the gentle-loving one, hath failed,
The proud or stern one never might succeed.

Strength, power, and majesty, belong to man;
They make the glory native to his life;
But sweetness is a woman's attribute;
By that she has resigned, and by that will reign.
There have been some, who, with a mightier mind,
Have won dominion—but they never won
The dearer empire of the beautiful;—
Sweet sovereigns in their natural loveliness.

L. E. L.

A THOUGHT FROM MARTIAL.

"When fate in angry mood has frown'd,
And gather'd all her storms around,"
The sturdy Romans cry,
"The great, who'd be released from pain,
Falls on his sword, or opes a vein,
And bravely dares to die!"

But know, beneath life's heavy load,
In sharp affliction's thorny road,
'Midst thousand ills that grieve;
Where dangers threaten, cares infest,
Where friends forsake, and foes molest,
'Tis braver far—to Live!

From the United States Literary Gazette.

S O N G.

Dost thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers near
Press the tender reasons?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
To the careless wooper;
Maids' hearts are always soft,
Would that men's were true!

Woo the fair one when around
Early birds are singing;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
Early herbs are springing;
When the brookside, bank and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,—
Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her, when, with rose blush,
Summer eve is sinking;
When, on rills that softly gush,
Stars are softly twinkling;
When, thro' boughs that knit the bower,
Moonlight gleams are stealing;
Woo her, till the gentle hour
Wakes a gentler feeling.

Woo her when autumnal dies
Tinge the woody mountain;
When the drooping foliage lies
In the half-choked fountain;
Let the scene that tells how fast
Youth is passing over,
Warn her, ere her bloom be past,
To see her lover.

Woo her, when the north winds call
At the lattice nightly:
When within the cheerful hall,
Blaze the faggots brightly;
While the wintry tempest round
Sweeps the landscape hoary,
Sweetly in her ear shall sound
Love's delightful story.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

W H Y D O W E L O V E.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine—

And each has had its dream of joy,
His own, unequal'd pure romance!—
Commencing, when the blushing boy
First thrill'd at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
And think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale, before or since.

Yes—they could tell of tender lays,
At midnight pen'd in classic shades;
Of days more bright than modern days;
Of maid's more fair than living maid's.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek,
(Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear
For modern lips to give or speak.)

Of prospects too, untimely cross'd,
Of passions slighted or betrayed,
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade.

Of beaming eyes, and tresses gay,
Elastic form, and noble brow;
And charms—that all have pass'd away,
Left them—what you see them now!

And it is so!—Is human love
So very frail and light a thing!
And must youth's brightest visions move,
Forever on time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to-night,
Hereafter—only come to this?

Then what are love's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth,
Ere long must fade away from us?

If that one being whom we take
From all the world, and still recur
To all she said—and for her sake
Feel far from joy, when far from her—

If that one form which we adore
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,
Soon withers—and is seen no more—
Why do we love—if love be vain?

I N S C R I P T I O N . — B Y S O U T H E Y.

Pizarro here was born; greater name
The list of glory boasts not; toil and pain,
Famine, and hostile elements, and hosts
Embattled, failed to check him in his course;
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm
He overran, and with relentless arms
Slew or enslaved his unoffending sons,
And wealth, & power, & fame, were his rewards.
There is another world beyond the grave,
According to their deeds where men are judged.
O reader! if thy daily bread be earned
By daily labour; yea however low,
However wretched be thy lot assigned,
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the God
Who made thee, that thou art not such as he.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—When nature laughs
out in all the triumphs of spring, it may be said,
without a metaphor, that, in her thousand varieties
of flowers, we see the sweetest of her smiles;
that, through them, we comprehend the exultation
of her joys; and that, by them, she weds her song of
thanksgiving to the heaven above her, that
repays her tribute of gratitude with looks of love.
Yes, flowers have their language. Their's is an
oratory that speaks in perfumed silence; and there
is tenderness, and passion, and mirth, in the variegated
beauty of their vocabulary. To the poetical
mind, they are not mute to their Creator. No
spoken word can approach to the delicacy of sentiment
to be inferred from a timorously offered flower; the softest impressions may thus be conveyed,
without offence, and even in profound grief
alleviated, at a moment when the most tuneful
voice would grate harshly on the ear, and the
stricken soul could be soothed only by an act of
grateful silence.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful
foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into
sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is riven by
the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing
tendrils, and bind up its scattered boughs; so it
is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman,
who is the mere dependent and ornament of man
in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace,
when smitten with sudden calamity; winding
herself into the rugged recesses of his nature,
tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding
up the broken heart.—Sketch Book.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft
cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms
fade away into the tomb, and none can tell
the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove
will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal
the arrow that is preying upon its vitals, so
it is the nature of woman to hide from the world
the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a
delicate female is always shy and silent. Even
when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself,
but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses
of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood
among the ruins of her peace. * * * * *

Look for her after a little, and you find Friendship
weeping over her, and gently grave, and wonder-
ing that one who but lately glowed with all
the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily
be brought down to darkness and the worm.—
Sketch Book.

B I O G R A P H Y.

J A M E S T H O M P S O N.

This poet was one of nine children of the Revd.
Thomas Thompson, Minister of Ednam, a country
parish near Kelso in Scotland, where he was
born September 11, 1701. Even while at school
at the neighbouring town of Jedburgh, he showed
his poetic tendency by the composition of verses,
which attracted considerable attention among his
companions, and the acquaintances of his family.
He then proceeded to the university of Edinburgh,
without, as it would appear, having formed any
steady purpose as to a profession, and at first de-
voted himself principally to the study of general
literature; but having lost his father during his
second year's attendance, he consented, on the
persuasion of his friends, to enter on a course of
preparation for the church. His study of theology,
however, was probably little more than formal—
and after some time an incident occurred
which finally determined him to abandon it alto-
gether. This was the reception which one of his
written exercises met with from the professor,
who while he warmly enlighened the genius which
it displayed, expressed his apprehension that it
would be necessary for the author to adopt a very
different style in his addresses from the pulpit if
he wished to be intelligible to an ordinary audience.
There was much more in this reproof, if so it might be called, to gratify than to dishearten
the young theologian. If his ideas and language
were too imaginative for a sermon, he considered
they might possibly be all the better adapted for a
poem. He wrote his 'Winter,' and bidding adieu
to college and his clerical prospects, put himself
on board a London smack, with his work in his
pocket, determined to try his fortune on a new
scene. This was in the year 1725. Arrived in
the metropolis, he found out his friend Mallett
whom he had known at Edinburgh, and who had
already acquired some reputation by his poetical
productions. Mallett introduced him to Milner
the bookseller, who purchased from him his poem
'Winter' for a small sum, and published it.
It appeared in March, 1726, and for a few weeks
attracted little notice. But having at last had the
good fortune to fall in the way of a gentleman
who possessed both a taste for poetry and an ex-
tensive acquaintance in the fashionable world, its
merits were soon made widely known by his
warm commendation, and the author was amply
consoled for the temporary neglect which he
had suffered, by the general admiration and ap-
plause which were now showered upon him. The
brilliant success of this first effort introduced
Thompson to many of the most distinguished and
influential personages of the day, both literary and
political, and brought him at once the praises of
Pope and the patronage of the Lord Chancellor
Talbot. Next year he published his 'Summer,'
and also his 'Britannia' and his Verses to the
Memory of Sir Isaac Newton; the year following
his 'Spring,' and finally in 1730, the 'Seasons,' completed
by the addition of the 'Autumn,' and

the eloquent and noble Hymn which closes the
work. In 1729 likewise had appeared his tragedy
of 'Sophonisba,' which was not, however, received
with much approbation either on the stage or
when it was given to the world in a printed form.
He now spent some years in visiting the principal
countries of the continent in the quality of com-
panion to the Hon. Mr. Talbot, the eldest son of
the Chancellor. Soon after his return he published
his long and elaborate poem, entitled 'Lib-
erty,' which he himself is said to have considered
the best of his productions, but which has never
become a favourite with the public. Meanwhile
the sinecure place of secretary of briefs, bestowed
upon him by the chancellor, supplied him with a
respectable income; but the sudden death of Lord
Talbot in 1737 deprived him of this situation, al-
though it is understood that Lord Hardwick,
who had succeeded to the seals, was disposed to
have re-appointed him, had he been asked. In
these circumstances Frederick Prince of Wales, to
whom he had been made known by his friend
Lord Lyttelton, granted him a pension of £100 a
year, and on this and on the profits of his works
he subsisted till seven or eight years afterwards,
when the place of surveyor-general of the Leeward
Islands was obtained for him, which yielded
him an income of about £300 after paying his de-
uty. The only work which he produced for
some years were several dramatic pieces, all now
nearly forgotten, except perhaps his tragedy of
'Tancred and Sigismunda,' which experienced a
better reception than the others at first, and has
been occasionally revived since. But in 1746 ap-
peared his admirable 'Castle of Indolence,' per-
haps the most poetical of all his productions.
It was also the last effort of his muse. About two
years after he caught a cold on returning one night
by water from London to his residence in Kew,
Lane; and a fever having come on, he died on the
27th of August, 1748. Thompson's remains lie
interred in Richmond church-yard; but a monu-
ment was erected to his memory some years after
his death in Westminster Abbey. The house in
which he resided at Richmond has also been care-
fully preserved, having been some years ago re-
paired at a great expense. It was in the garden
attached to this abode, called 'Roxside House,'
that according to tradition, the indolent poet
would sometimes be seen eating the peaches from
the wall with his hands in his pockets. This
anecdote may serve as a sample of the general
character of the man, which, however, although
somewhat luxurious, was also very benevolent
and full of kind and amiable feeling. He was
greatly beloved for his simplicity and genuine
excellence of heart by all to whom he was known.
As a poet, Thompson occupies a very high place
both for originality and for force and beauty of
imagination. Perhaps no other descriptions can
so powerfully as his, the very effect produced
by real nature when viewed through the illusion
of poetic excitement. His versification too, al-
though not possessing much variety, nor attuned
upon any very refined musical principle, has usually
a power and fulness forcibly expressive of the
earnestness of the poet's convictions, and sometimes
a sustained grandeur admirably harmonizing
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